

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A debt is adorned by payment.
Open watering places—milk can banks.
Volume of love—your bank books.
A bad policy—one that is run out.
Parental Acres—The old man's corns.

When is water most liable to escape? When it is only half-tide.

The Line of Business some strong-minded ladies take up—The masculine.

Why is kissing like a sermon? It requires two heads and an application.

"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter, "we haven't got it; an' isn't corn-beafe you name?"

"His *full* pilgrimage is o'er," as the druggist's widow said when she ordered an epitaph for his tombstone.

A man in an ecstatic mood, exclaimed: "Woman is the primeval cause of all happiness;" when a bystander remarked: "No doubt, for she is the prime evil herself."

A curate being overhauled by a bishop for attending a ball, the former replied: "My Lord, I wore a mask?" "Oh, well!" returned the bishop, "that puts a new face on the affair."

Whisky is your greatest enemy. "But," said Mr. Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh, yes, Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them."

"That man," said a wag, "come to this city forty years ago, purchased a basket, and commenced gathering eggs. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" "We gave it up." "Nothing," he continued, after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

At one of Peter Cartwright's camp meetings he was much annoyed by a noisy sister, who "took part" more frequently than was acceptable. He had called on all to kneel while some one should lead in prayer. Cartwright, not recognizing her voice, shouted: "Amen!" A brother kneeling close by whispered: "It's Ann Jordan praying." Cartwright, looking round and seeing that it was so, cried out: "I take that amen back!"

The Little People.

Holding her grandmother's knitting away, Peeling the orange, twirling the apple, Clattering up to the table and shelf, Having a tea party all by herself, Once a minute, in mischief, no doubt, Putting the baby in the cradle, Sewing her apron, denude as a peacock, Any one gets her a dear little tract to wear.

Printing her hands in the earth, tempting fruits, Tearing and mending, twirling and spinning, Catching the worm and minding the lace, Doing up the pretty trousseau, Mother is sending her very bad girl, Saying, "I'll tell the whole house in a whiff, Looks at her partner there down at her knees."

Claps to her head again for little tease.

A Schoolboy's Aspiration. "O how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could always be a playing."

"Auntie," said a little three-year-old, one day, "I don't like mine aprons tarched so doubtful. So much tarchness makes the tiffness trach my barnases."

"High, there, high!" said grandfather Hall to my little boy—the first we had—"but you don't know where you are?" "Yes, I do, grandpa." "Well, where are you?" "I'm here," was the reply.

"Mother," said a little girl, "is hell a hot place?" Being a little puzzled what reply to make, the mother answered, "Yes." "Then," said the little girl, "why don't they turn the damper?"

At a recent Sabbath school concert a little boy stood up to say his "piece" and forgetting the words of the text hesitated a moment, then with all the assurance possible said, "Blessed are the shoemakers."

At a Sunday school in Ripon, a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "soaring tares" meant. "Courth I does," said he, putting the sent of his little trousers round in front. "There's a tear my ind sewed; I teared it sliding down hill."

A bright-eyed little fellow in one of the Brooklyn private schools, having spelt a word, was asked his teacher: "Are you willing to let me see it?" "Beinie?" The boy looked up with an air of astonishment, and said: "I know I'm right, Miss V., but I never let."

Two mothers were boasting of the achievements of their respective "only" children. Said one: "My son blew out the candle when he was only seven months old." "Ah," replied the other, "the boy that blows out the candle at seven months will never set the world on fire."

Essay on Tobacco, by a Small Boy.

Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and have heard men say that cigars that were given to them on election day for nothing was cabbage leaves. Tobacco leaves are mostly kept by wooden boxes, who try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is glued into the Injin's hand and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco, neither do I. To booco was invented by a man named Walter Kiteigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steambot, and as they had never seen a steambot they were frightened.

My sister Nancy is a girl, I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man by the name of Leroy who comes to see her, I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said me didn't know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But the next morning when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Souffle is Injin meat, made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

ADULTERATION OF MILK.—Dr. Bates, health officer of San Francisco, in a recent communication, says: The common mode of adulterating milk for this market, is with water, burnt sugar and table-salt, by which process the tank is increased from one-eighth, to one-half, and can scarcely be detected by sight or taste.

No better plan has ever been devised to keep butter sweet than to put it in clean jars and cover it with strong cheese. No kind of vessel, cask or tub will answer so well as a jar. In this way it can be kept fresh and sweet for twelve months.

"Where is the Liquor?"

On a certain occasion one Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor—Where's the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary in tones of thunder, and pointing his long, bony finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for his children."

"Not in the shimmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure cold water. But in the glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wander and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmur and the rills sing; and high up on the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and out on the wild, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chimes, sweeping the marsh of God—there He brews it—the beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dewdrop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the evening, till they seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gaze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright curtains softly around the wintery world, and weaving the many-colored bow, that seraph's zone of the air, whose warp is the rain-drops of the earth, and whose woof is the sunbeams of heaven, all checkered over with the celestial flowers of the mystic hand of creation—that blessed life-giving water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its fount brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving children weep not burning tears in its depths! Speak out my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drink—alcohol?"

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Raising Opium in Tennessee.

(From the Toledo Blade, July 22.)

Dr. J. W. Morton, a gentleman residing in Nashville, has for several years past given considerable attention to the culture of opium in Tennessee, in order to stimulate which he sent abroad for different kinds of seeds, and distributed them gratuitously among his friends and neighbors. Owing to the lateness of his last year's planting, the crop of 1870 proved a failure, which was perhaps also due to the inferior quality of the soil. To obviate this difficulty, he obtained this year from Calcutta and Smyrna, for which he paid as high as \$450 in gold per ounce. The crop of the season has been a success, and the Doctor with harvest from fifty to seventy-five pounds of opium per acre, from which he will no doubt realize a handsome profit. Another gentleman, Rev. Fountain E. Pitts, who has followed the example set by Dr. Morton, and also extensively engaged in the culture of the poppy, reports similar success. After three years trial he succeeded in raising the best opium poppy seeds from Smyrna, which he planted in good land, and now cultivates in much the same manner as cotton. When the capsules are ready to scatter, he makes an incision in one side, and the next evening scrapes off the gum, which has, when first gathered, the appearance and consistency of cream. Incisions are then made on the opposite side of the capsules, and the process of gathering repeated the following evening, which exhausts the capsules. A few hours after the opium is gathered, it turns a dark purple color, which continues to grow deeper, until the characteristic opium color is reached. As long as opium and its products remain a medical necessity, we may as well congratulate ourselves that it has been demonstrated that we can grow it ourselves, and thus probably do away with importing this expensive drug from foreign countries; but of all existing remedies, the ultimate benefit derived from which is of a doubtful kind, and which causes probably more injury in proportion to the good it accomplishes, opium, next to whisky, takes the foremost rank.

Now if this sum was equally divided among the three thousand farms, it would give each farm \$2,261 as the average income. But as there are one thousand farms that run from three to twenty acres, or, in all, say one hundred fifty acres each, some idea may be had as to whether the farming is as productive in its results as in other sections. If we have figured correctly, the average product per acre in 1864 amounted to some \$21. The highest annual product of these sold from the county has been a little above 18,000,000 lbs. In 1864 the clearest crop was only a little over 14,000,000 pounds.—N. W. Farmer.

Increased Consumption of Sugar.

Giving to numerous causes the sugar trade this year has been most prosperous, and the consumption has increased in an unprecedented manner. The increased consumption has been equal to 6,000 tons per month, or about 100,000 bushels per annum. This great increase in consumption is partly owing to the increased production of native sugars, and the reduction of duty from 3½ to 2½ cents per pound on Cuba sugars. This, however, is not the chief cause, as to the increase in the first cost is Cuba, owing to the short crop, which is fifty per cent, less than last year, makes an offset to the reduced tariff. The most important cause probably the increase of population throughout the country, and the present high rates of wages, which enables all classes to indulge in luxuries which a few years ago were denied them. Great demands have also been made upon the market by the present trades intersected, all of whom by this time will have emptied their pipes and risen, some of their number meanwhile shuffling on wires their little balls of the calculating machine. If your offer is accepted, several rods of the head and a simultaneous clapping of the hands signify assent. It rejected, make no more than a trifling concession, for if by any chance you are permitted to leave the store without a bargain, a messenger will be dispatched in hot pursuit, saying, "Can do?" A porter is at once instructed to deliver the goods.

Within the last week the sales have been unprecedented. One day they reached the astonishing figure of 5,000 lbs., and they have continued in the same proportion since. The bulk of the sugars sold are refined sugars, while the consumption increases the demand for Muscovado sugar, for direct consumption is diminishing, for the reason that the refiners offer their goods in more convenient packages, and they are not attended with the loss of tare and the usual drawbacks attending the opening of hogheads. The Cuba crop has now been marketed, and the new supply will not arrive until next January. The growing crop of Louisiana will arrive here about December, and it is estimated at from 200,000 to 250,000 lbs., against 140,000 lbs. for the present crop, and 70,000 lbs. for last year, showing a very remarkable increase. The receipts of sugars at New York since the 1st of January have been about 8,000 lbs., against 533 lbs. for the same period last year.—N. Y. Tribune.

PAIN-KILLER.—In another column will be found the advertisement of Dr. Wm. Pain Killer. There is probably no preparation manufactured that has become so much of a household word as the Pain Killer. For thirty years it has stood before the public, and the innumerable testimonials that have been called forth voluntarily testify fully to its merits. When you need a family medicine buy the Pain Killer.

WINDFALL for Somebody.

In the city of Memphis, Tenn., now not distant, one half million dollars, in real estate and personal property, will be distributed among the members of the Real Estate Distribution there, under the management of Messrs. Passmore & Ruffin, two gentlemen who in the Memphis Appeal interested themselves in the welfare of the public. And the public, in return, patronized the public. And the Appeal is no paper to write up or let its assistance to any man or organization. The Windfall will be distributed when the drawings will take place. Among this property is the New Memphis Theatre, the handsomest building in the city, erected at a cost of \$50,000, and now bringing a yearly rental of \$5,000 in cash. Then there are palatial and cottages residences, valuable buildings and cottages residences, valuable suburban houses, a fine plantation in a high state of cultivation near the city, and other valuable property, from \$15,000 to \$80,000. Wm. H. Meigs, F. P. R. C. S., Memphis, Tenn., or Mr. John A. Bowen, at R. Brown's Music House, Nashville, Tenn., for circulars and shares in this Grand Distribution. Share are five dollars each.

A Maiden's Love.

Human nature has no essence more pure—the world knows nothing more chaste—heaven has endowed the innocent heart with none holier, than the innocent affection of a young virgin's soul.—The warmest language of the sunny South is too cold to shadow even a faint outline of the enthusiastic sentiment. And Providence has made the richest language of the world known to us, in the form of poetry, its exponents, its vagaries, its quid, quiet or energetic, but she is not to be pitied.

Beauty exercises an imperceptible control over her, which moulds her own life into graceful and harmonious form. Her dress rises out of the mere clothing of man into the regions of science, of art, of taste, harmonies of color, contrasts, correspondencies, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove.

And as prettiness tells on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, the gay colors of the Indian, the sanguineous hues of Indian tapestry, glass-work of Murano, a hundred exquisite somethings, and nothings, are the natural setting of pretty women. The art of the handiwork tells on all the choice of the husband's study. Around that last refuge of barbarism, floats an atmosphere oftaste and refinement in which the pretty wife lives and moves and has her being. And from this tone the depths of hearts that thrill with love's emotions are loosened for the common contemplation. The mutual voice of love stirs the source of the sweetest thoughts within the human breast, and stirs into the profound recesses of the soul, touching cords that never vibrated before, and calling into gentle companionship delicious hopes until then unknown. Yes, the light of a young maiden's first love breaks brightly upon her, as the sunburst of a star glimmers through a thickly woven bower; and the first blush that mantles her cheek, as she feels the primal influence, is fair and pure as that a rose leaf might cast upon marble. But how rapidly does that light grow stronger, and that flush deeper, until the powerful effulgence of the one eradicates every corner of her heart, and the crimson glow of the other suffuses every feature of her countenance.

WHEN TO PLANT FRUIT TREES.

As practical tests are what we desire, I will give you a little of my experience in tree planting. Last spring I planted three hundred fruit trees; dug holes four and a half feet in diameter, and two feet deep, filling in about the roots with top soil, and mulched with straw. All the peaches died. With the apples, cherries, &c., I was more successful, only losing about three-fourths.

Last fall I planted out about four hundred trees, with less care than I gave those planted in the spring; and every one is now growing in fine shape. I shall plant fruit trees in the fall. I put out some two thousand deciduous and evergreen trees this spring, and they are all doing well, so far.—*Kansas Farmer.*

How the Milk Business Improves th Land.

Dairy lands are steadily improving in the elements of fertility, and are now in better heart for grain crops than when growing was made the business of the farm. It is true that upon many farms the yield of grass is much less than it should be, but this is not so much on account of lack of fertility in the